



MOORE' WORMS

FOR THE LEARNED

Mr. CURLL, Bookfeller;

*Who, to be reveng'd on Mr. Pope for his
poisonous Emetick, gave him a Paper of
Worm-Powder, which caused that Gentle-
man to void a strange sort of Worms.*

OH Learned CURLL! thy Skill excells
Ev'n Moore's of Abchurch-Lane —

He only Genuine Worms expells,
To crawl in Print for Gain.

From a Wit's Brain Thou mak'st Worms rise,
(Unknown in the Worm-Evil)

Fops, Silkworms, Beaus, and Butterflies,
With that old Worm the Devil.

Ev'n Button's Book-Worms shall, with these,
(Like these with Dust decay'd)

In Grub-street Rubbish rest in Peace,
Till Curlls their Peace invade.

For Bookfellers vile Vipers are,
On Brains of Wits they prey:
The very Worms they will not spare,
When Wits to Worms decay.

Sharps we Caterpillars call,
And fatal is their Bite:
On Manors rich they soonest fall,
And thousand Acres blight.

Grave Cits, as buzzing Hornets, swarm;
Their Wives, true Gadflies, rove.
Old College-Dons, in Fur wrap'd warm,
Dull creeping Beetles prove.

Price Two-pence.

From

From *Worms Erect* proud *Coquettes* rose;
Yet are but Baits for *Gudgeons*.
The Rake a stingle's Drone soon grows;
And Grub-Worms, Old Curmudgeons.

Widows to Leaches we compare,
Still sucking, yet want more.
Sly Prudes are * *Cats*, that never spare
The *Cream* of humane Gore.

* Among the Rarities of *Gresham College*, there is a strange Worm, with a Head like a Cat; therefore called by the *Vertuosi* by that Animal's Name. Travellers report many *Indians* perish by this Reptile's venomous sucking their Blood.

Worm-Quacks are spawn'd by Potheccaries,
As *Flesh-Flies* Maggots breed.
The several Species of them varies;
But All on Mankind feed.

Ah † *CURLL*! how greedy hast thou fed
(E'er *Worms* gave Food to thee)
Upon the late *Illustrious Dead*,
With *Worms* of thy Degree.

† Famous for Printing the Lives and Last Wills of Great Men.

Why did the † *Venom* of a Prude
Allure thy vicious Taste? —
Safer Thou'dst feast on *Maggots Crude*,
Or with *Tom D'Urfeys* fast.

† The Court-Poems Printed by Mr. *CURLL*.

For see! thy meagre Looks declare,
Some Poison in thee lurs —
Let *Bl—re* eale thy *Restless Care* —
Or who shall Print his *Works*?

Printed for *E. Smith* in *Cornhill*. 1716.